

sure of him, so the lamp in his one-room bedroom apartment was wired. They listened to all of his conversations.

He has wonderful stories to tell about playing the radio so loud that the neighbors complained, but at least he could have conversations then. Gradually, he began to do things that no one else has been able to do. When the iron curtain fell, he was acknowledged as a bishop. He went down to see the Holy Father. The Holy Father told him that he was to be given the Diocese of Nitra, which is the diocese of St. Methodius, of the great Sts. Cyril and Methodius, one of those great wonderful sees.

About two years after that I was in Slovakia and I was talking to one of the vice-presidents of the Slovak parliament who was a Catholic. We were talking about those tough days of the communist regime. And I said, "How did you ever get your education?" He said, "I went to the university." I said, "Which one?" He said, "I went to Korec University." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Every Saturday when we had off—because they had to work on Sunday. Every Saturday which was our day off, we'd pack some salami and some beer and go up into the hills and Father Korec would come. All day long, we would sit, and he would teach us about the Church, about Catholic Social Thought, about philosophy, about theology." And this man said to me, "I know more about these things than if I had gone to the university for four years because we never missed a Saturday. Dozens of us would go. He would write on pieces of paper what we had to know, and he would make 50 copies all in his own handwriting." I've seen them.

To be adventurous. To be inventive. Not to let the world make it impossible for you to grow, and live, and enjoy. Always to listen to that other voice that says you can do it: find a way. I think that's the mark of a Jesuit tradition, and I think we find it here at Georgetown.

I've kept you too long with these stories of mine, but I feel that a story, like a picture, is worth a thousand words. These stories, as I said at the beginning, have moved me, maybe hopefully a little further in my understanding of what education is. Maybe it will give us all an understanding of what I mean when I say a great Catholic university in the Jesuit tradition has to be.

Every university should teach its students and its faculty and administration that we live in a world of brothers and sisters, not as strangers and enemies, but that we all share a common dignity, and that all lives are precious, everyone's life. Secondly, to be truly Catholic, we must be open to wonder, to mystery, the mysteries of our faith, the mysteries of love, the mysteries even of science which will always be searching for greater clarity. As Catholics, we must never be afraid of mystery, of that wonder that causes us to do things we never thought we could do. Our faith is built on mystery, and to be truly wise, and truly educated, we must be men and women who accept wonder as an essential element of our existence. And finally, in the story of Cardinal Korec (who ultimately became a cardinal), we are challenged to see what a university can also be when circumstances and the challenges of the world around us call us all to find in different ways the great things that are essential for our lives and vital for our growth and wisdom. I find these things here at Georgetown. I pray that they always will be here. I pray, too, that these elements of deep human concern of wonder and adventure, may be even more developed, more understood and embraced, under great leadership with great men and women in a brilliant future which will always be part mystery and even always part out of the box. Thank you very much.●

TRIBUTE TO LYLE RYMER II

● Mrs. LINCOLN. Mr. President, today, I would like to rise and pay tribute to the life of Army Specialist Lyle Rymer II. Lyle Rymer was the type of person his family and friends knew they could always rely upon. Despite his easy-going nature and quiet demeanor, he was a go-getter who always did more than was asked or expected of him. He was a loving husband and proud father who devoted himself to his family and their well-being. He was also a brave soldier with a devotion to his country, who died a hero while protecting his fellow soldiers.

As the youngest of three children, Specialist Rymer was born and spent his early childhood in Fort Smith, AR. He was a shy kid but had a gift for making others laugh and was always quick to make friends. In many ways, he was a typical teenager, who enjoyed hanging out with his friends, with whom he shared a love for fishing and hotrods. He was a hard-working student who went to high school in Roland, OK, a small town just 5 miles west of Fort Smith. Although he studied small engines at a vocational tech school half a day during his junior and senior years, he remained focused on getting his high school diploma on time, with his friends and with his class. In 1999, he did just that.

Following high school, Specialist Rymer worked construction and later joined the Arkansas Army National Guard. His grandfather had retired from the Air Force, and he began considering enrolling in airborne school or making a career out of the Army. He was proud to serve his country but, more importantly, he wanted to make a better life for him and his family; his wife LaTisha and son Sean.

March of last year brought a welcome addition to the Rymer family: a baby daughter Jasmine. What should have been a joyous time for the family proved to be bittersweet. Just as Jasmine was born into the world, her father was on a plane heading for Kuwait and service in Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Specialist Rymer was assigned to the National Guard's 239th Engineering Company under the 39th Infantry Brigade, based out of Boonesville. Although he was a world away, he was proud to serve in Iraq with the 39th, a Brigade made up of 4,200 soldiers, including over 3,000 Arkansans. He also found comfort in the regular conversations he had with his family, usually on the weekends, when he could check on their welfare and let them know about the experience he was having.

In November, Specialist Rymer was granted a 2-week leave and returned home. It gave him a chance to visit with family and friends, spend time with LaTisha and Sean, but also to see his beautiful baby daughter, Jasmine, for the very first time. He would cherish this all too short time with his loved ones and, upon his return to Iraq, made sure to tell his fellow soldiers

just how proud he was of the family that was awaiting his return.

The 239th, in which Specialist Rymer served as a heavy equipment operator, would play a vital role in American efforts to bring security and stability throughout Baghdad, completing more than 1,800 missions in the area. In spite of the dangerous environment and stressful conditions he and his comrades often worked under, Specialist Rymer always found a way to brighten a mood and bring smiles to their faces. He grew to love the soldiers he served with, and they loved him in return. As often happens in times of war, many of these soldiers, serving thousands of miles from home, began to consider themselves much more than fellow soldiers; they were a family and they would do absolutely anything for each other.

Tragically, on January 28, a few short weeks before Specialist Rymer was to return home, he was killed in action. The 239th was securing an area near a Central Baghdad marketplace in preparation for the upcoming Iraqi National elections. Specialist Rymer was guarding the members of his unit as they were helping place concrete traffic barriers. He was struck and killed by a single bullet from a nearby sniper.

The loss of this special young man, the first fatality for the 239th, was felt deeply by the troops who served with him. To honor Specialist Rymer, over 150 of them attended a memorial service at their brigade's chapel on base, just north of Baghdad. At the service, they all raised their right hands in salute to their fallen comrade, whom they loved and respected, and who gave his life in the protection of theirs. The company commander, CPT Jason Meharg, echoed the unspoken sentiment of his troops, "We'll refocus and continue . . . But we won't forget."

Even more deeply, the loss of Specialist Rymer will be felt by the family and the many friends he leaves behind. On February 7 at the Fort Smith National Cemetery, over 100 people showed up to his gravesite service to pay respects and to honor this fallen hero.

To many of us, the awards Specialist Rymer earned for his service will serve as a reminder of the courageous and selfless way in which he lived his life. To LaTisha, memories of the time shared with her husband and the pride felt in the family they built together will remind her of so much more. Although Sean and Jasmine may not be able to fully comprehend the meaning of their father's sacrifice or realize the impact he had on so many others, they will one day be old enough to understand, from the words of their mother and those who knew Lyle Rymer best, just how very much he loved them.

My thoughts and prayers are with the Rymer family and with all those whose lives were touched by this special young man. We will be forever grateful for his service and for the sacrifice he made on behalf of us all.●